Looke not upon me;

OR,

The CHURCHES Requeſt under Sequeſtration.

Preſented in

A SERMON

To all that pretend love to *Sion*; by *E. F.* Maſter of Arts, and the true Vicar of *Wisbeech*, in the Iſle of *Ely*, and County of *Cambridge*.

Edward Fowler

Boni laborant, quia flagellantur ut filii; mali exultant, quia damnantur ut alieni. Aug. *in* Pſa. 33.

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To the Worshipfull, and his singular good Friends, *William Fisher*, and *Everard Buckworth* Esquires Justices of the Peace, as also to his worthy Friend *William Edwards* Gentleman, with all the rest of his loving Friends, and deare Parishioners, the Inhabitants of *Wisbeech*:

E. F. Wishes grace and peace here, and glory hereafter.

Honoured Gentlemen, and deare Friends:

THat late learned Statesman Sr. Henry Wootton, ordered that his Epitaph should be only this,

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus Author, Disputandi pruritus, Scabies Ecclesiæ. { Buried in Eaton Colledge.

I will change a word with him, and make another for our Common wealth now, Scribendi pruritus scabies reipublicæ, never was the Presse so cloyd, and clog'd with Clients as now: some I thinke write more Pamphlets then they say Prayers; and yet among all, Sermons (I finde) are the last served: I have beene crowding for a place a long time (meerely for cheapenesse sake) to get these few leaves printed. It is a thing which I thought once I should never have pride enough to aspire, nor povrety enough to constrain me to, (for these two are the ordinary Loadsmen to those Paper mills) but the latter of them hath forced me. For thus the link hangs: Spare time (too much God knowes) bid me write; relation said to Wisbeech, my Function said a Sermon; thankfulnesse said to all; poverty my purse bearer cries (as the Disciples of the loaves) two hundred penny worth of paper will not suffice; necessity (my counsell) saith print it, and the Printer again saith, let it be neither mine, nor thine, but divide it: So I

have my number to give, which I aymed at, and he his to sell (if Sermons will sell) which he aymes at. And now to whom should a suffering Minister send a Sermon, but to his owne sympathizing people: and whose names should I shelter it under (Noble Friends if not yours, who did not (though being men of intereſt you might) like Nicodemus *owne me by night only, but appeared for me, and with me in the heat of the day? St.* Paul *when he was to have a hearing, complaines that no man ſtood with him; but that which is ſweeter to me then my loſſes can be bitter, is, that you (my Iudicious and godly Neighbours) and many more of that kinde Pariſh (even as many as were able to travell ſo many tedious miles) were not aſhamed of me, and my cauſe; let the Lord at the day of true judgement, remember it, and requite you all. And it is your honour, and mine owne comfort, that they who were againſt me, had nothing againſt me, worthy of theſe ſufferings. For my living, though I be thruſt out of doores; yet I came in at the doore I thanke God, and not at the window. For labours, I had not ten, or five, but that one Talent, or two which the Lord lent me, I did not wrap up in a napkin, but put them into the banke every Lords day. And for my life (Oh Lord forgive me my many ſinnes!) It was farre from ſcandall, I bleſſe God, though not free from offences daily. Twas (ſure) for my Obedience to God and the King; and if for that, I would to God, not only I, but all that are Miniſters were not only almoſt, but altogether ſo, except my perſecutions. Gentlemen, and all my good Pariſhioners, I beſeech you accept this little booke from me, and for my ſake.*

Hei mihi quod Domino non licet ire ——

Reade it as the broken Meditations of your poore Paſtor, and receive as broken money from a poore debtor, who would doe more, if he had it. Exchange prayers with me, though abſent from me. I for you, and you for me in the Lord, to whom I commend you all, and reſt, &c.

Your Servant in the Lord Jeſus,
Edward Fernis.

Looke not upon mee, because I am Black, because the Sunhath looked upon mee; my mothers Children were angry with me, they made me the Keeper of the Vineyards, but mine owne Vineyard I have not kept. Canticles. 1. 6.

THE profound Prophet *Ezekiel* (chap. 47.) saw in a vision waters running out of the Temple; healing waters all, but some ancle deepe, some knee deepe, some to the loines, some to the neck, some over head and eares; and by interpretation, these waters are the Scriptures, *Dii captiú*; I am now leapt into the *Elephants* swimming place, the *Leviathans of Learning* may take their pastime therein, *Solomons Apocalypse*, wherein are *Riddles* more knotty then *Samsons*, but being dissolved, afford drops sweeter then his honey-combe. This is none of his *Wall-hysope*, but a *Cedar* of his Libanon-like wisdome. Of all his treasure (vanished, as well as his Temple) nothing abides the tyranny of Time, but three little bookes, and they are enought to prove the Royall pen-man in glory, maugre the cavills of those who doubt and dispute otherwise: In his Proverbs he is an holy *Politician*, in his Ecclesiastes an holy *Preacher*, and in this booke a *Prophet*, and an *Heavenly Poet*.

Sic loquitur Scriptura ut altitudine superbos irrideat, profunditate superbos terreat, virtute magnos pascat, affabilitate parvulos nutriat. Aug. lib. 2. Gen. c. 19.

Procul hinc, procul ite profani ——
Nascitur Poeta:

His Father was excellent at composing holy raptures, and offering them to God upon well tuned instruments; but for ought I finde, the Sonne (as being a Prince of more peace) made more then the Father: A thousand and five are named upon record, but whether they were divine (as *Davids* were) I dare not say; among them all, the Holy Ghost (who is the best Supervisor of Libraries) 1. K. 4. 32.

braries) thought none fit to beare the Laurell but this ; which weares on the head of it *Cantica Canticorum* , and this not being *plaine song* , but sublime and *Sacramentall* (as containing *Arcana Christi & Ecclesiæ*,) The Jewes commanded not to be tuned by *yong voyces*, I meane, none under the yeeres of thirty might looke in it, or reade it , least (their thoughts not being seasoned with the salt of holy gravity) they should take advantage by the literall sence, to prophane this μεγα μυστηριον (as St. *Paul* calls it) of the marriage betwixt Christ and the Church. And though I doe willingly vote with my betters, that this was curiosity without warrant in the Jewes ; and I blesse God for English Bibles, and the plenty of them (pitty there should be a man, of whom it can be said, *non legit*, nay, *non intelligit*) yet certainely there are *Labyrinths* in the Scriptures , for which every one hath not a *clue* : Let him that readeth understand. None shall be found worthy (Rev. 5 7.) to sing the Lambs song, but his owne Choristers; so, none can in a spirituall manner sing this song of my beloved touching his Vineyard , but they who have tasted the wine of the true Vine. *John* 15. 1.

Pingue duos angues pueri, sacer est locus. Persius.

Es. 5. 1.

I intend not a Treatise , but a Sermon (and I would be read as well as heard by an houre-glasse) therefore I shall not go downe into the field of Expositors, to gleane after them in their various bindings up of these sheaves : Allegories are most subject to the fancy of every Writer , and every one subject to abound in his owne sence, and every sence to be the owners *Diana* ; But in this all agree , that this booke is an Epithalamium or marriage Hymne, concerning , and betweene Christ and his Spouse the Church : And it is sung in three parts : The Bridegroomes Base, the Brides Treble , and now and then the children of the Bride-chamber (called heere the Daughters of Jerusalem) being the *Chorus* , put in their meane. The Spouse leads the way , and begins in this first Chapter , breaking forth something abruptly , and as one taken unawares with an holy ravishment.

To bring you from the top, to the Text briefely, and the better; imagine, you saw her (like *Mary* at the Sepulcher weeping, and with those teares blear-eyed like *Leah*) standing in a very pensive posture , her haire , (like *Mephibosheths* Loyall slovennesse in his

head and beard) loose, and unkemmed, her garments poore and untrimmed, her beautifull shooes pulled up from her feet, and modest vaile from her head, Jewells, Bracelets, Ornaments plundred and all gone; and (lastly) her faire face (the glory of her person) tanned, tawny, and Sun-burnt; withall, before you begin to reade the Chapter, suppose at two severall doores her onely beloved, and a company of friends (little better then Strangers) comming in; she espies them both; but him first (for *ubi amor ibi oculus*) and resolves to salute both; but in a holy ravishment as being sick of love, she runs and cries out as she runs *osculetur me osculis*, Oh my Lord receive me with more intimate embraces: Not thy hands, or thy feet, which yet I am not worthy, but thy lips, thy mouth Lord! &c.

Then presently, as jealous those standers by, being Virgins themselves, might (seeing her present meanesse, and outward deformities especially) censure her, if not cry out of her for too much impudence; she steps to them and (as one that longed to go back to her discourse with Christ againe) in an Apostrophe of two verses only the 6. and 7. salutes them, giving them (as *Job* doth of himselfe, being a pearle still, though on a dunghill, cha. 29) a modest, yet stately character of her person, and boasting (as St. *Paul* of his infirmities) of her afflictions, she answeres the objections which they seemed to speake with their eyes to this purpose.

"'Tis true (Ladies) you have seene and heard that at "which you may marvell: Well may you wonder that a "Virgine should woo, and contrary to civillity and cu- "stome runne after, and cry out for a Lovers embraces; "but more wonder at the match, that such a faire, rich, no- "ble, divine Lord should cast an eye, much lesse himselfe, "and all he hath away upon me, in whom you see so lit- "tle of allurement, and so much of amazement; that I "whose black and pale lips should talke of a Funerall ra- "ther then a Wedding, should utter what you have heard: "But know (my Friends) that I know my selfe, and he "(whom

The Spouses speech to the Virgins.

"(whom my ſoule loves) knowes me, but yee doe not;
"he will embrace me with my black maske of miſeries on,
"for his love lies more then skin-deepe, and I, though I be
"now low and meane, tanned and diſguiſed, abuſed and
"turned out of all by mine owne Kindred, yet am the
"Kings Daughter all glorious within: my outſide is but
"black haire-cloth like *Kedars* Tents, but my ſoule is come-
"ly, and rich as *Solomons* curtaines, *ne expelletis (ergo) me,*
"*quia nigra ſum &c.*

In which words wee have an umbraticall, and a ſubſtantiall ſence. In the firſt, behold (as it were) a chaſt, comely, ſweete woman, making her complaint to her Lovers and acquaintaince, of the wrong and violence done to her by ſome of her Kindred, from whom ſhe looked for better uſage &c. and begging of them to thinke neere the worſe of her, for her preſent poore condition. In the ſecond, behold (indeed) the Church Militant declaring her afflictions to be the more black and formidable, becauſe layd upon her by thoſe who are ſeeming brethren, &c.

The Text in the Logick of it lies thus. Here are two Generall Parts. { A Civill Requeſt. / A Sad Relation.

In the firſt wee may take notice of theſe three things. { 1. Her caſe confeſſed, *I am black.* / 2. The ſupreme cauſe of that caſe, *The Sun, &c.* / 3. The Requeſt from thence, *Looke not &c.*

In the ſecond wee have alſo three parts. Firſt, the Offendors diſcovered, *My Mothers Children.* Secondly, the ground of the wrong they did to her, *Their anger, Excanduerunt.* Thirdly, the effects of their wrath, and that two fold. { 1. Sequeſtration. / 2. Subjugation.

1. Sequeſtration, And that as rigid as might be,

Being { *Ab Officio*, and —— *Ab Officio non Cuſtodivi*, / *A Beneficio*, *A Beneficio.*

For it was *a Vineyard*: And who keepes a Vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? 2. Subjugation, *poſuerunt me &c.* They put me to a low, ſlaviſh, miſerable way of

of getting my livelihood; so the sence of the phrase *Keeping of Vineyards*, is rendred by the learned, and by the Scripture it selfe, as appeares in 2 King. 25. 12. in the captivity of Babylon the poore and base people of the Land were left to be their Vine-dressers and Husbandmen, and God promiseth, Esay. 61. 5. that the Church should have Sonnes of the Alien to be her Plowmen and Vine-dressers.

These are the parts both generall, and speciall: I shall begin with the first, and therein take her at her word in the Text, *habemus confitentem ream*, and heerein dispatch foure things. 1. Examine what she meanes by *black*. 2. Enquire how she comes so. 3. Why she would not be *look't at*; and lastly, apply all as safely as bad times will give leave.

Black.] Sables ever went in the Heraulds Office for a Mourners coate; Or and Argent were for the rich and honourable: In the Scripture wee finde white to be the colour of Princes, Judges, Conquerors, crowned Virgins; but *black* (God helpe the coat) being contrary, signified contraries, and was the hue of one under deepe afflictions; sometimes, of one sick and languishing under noisome diseases: So *Job* look't, Job 30. 30. My skin is black upon me, and my bones are burnt with heat: Sometimes, of one starved, and pined away with Famine; so the religious *Nazarites* who (as Jer. 5.) being white as snow, and whiter then milke, more ruddy then Rubies, and smoother then polished Saphires, had their visage blacker then a coale &c. Lam. 4. 7. 8. Sometimes, sadnesse and true Sympathy for others calamities hath not only put men into black cloaths, but into a melancholy countenance: True sorrow makes the heart, the heart the bloud, and the bloud makes the face a Mourner; thus *Jeremy* himselfe had a black visage; for the hurt of the Daughter of my people I am hurt, *I am black*, Jer. 8. 21. Three Expositions (and all sound and proper enough) Divines give me warrant for, concerning the Churches blacknes; I shall speake to them in order.

Sin.

1. *Nigra sum.*] I am a woman of many infirmities, which sully and soyle me, of many sinnes which defile and foile me. And in this sence she saith truth, she were not a woman else, nor the Virgine *Mary* neither, though the Papist offers himselfe her compurgator from even Originall sinne, and Gunpowder *Garnet* at Tyburne; for one *miserere Domine*, had his double *Mater Dei &c.* No, let God be true, and all men lyars; there is not one that doth good, no not one, and in many things wee offend all; all singly, and all altogether. That soule, or that Church of soules (if they were bodies) who say they have no sinne, deceive themselves, and dare not looke in the true glasse of Gods word, for that discovers spots in the fairest face. The Papist would be loth to thinke any other, but the Spouse in the Canticles, may serve for their Mother: Now I finde that Christ (who in that booke courts her, and admires her) in one verse (chap. 6. 10.) gives her foure characters together, and in none, innocency and infallibility, who is she that looketh forth as the *Morning*; the morning (ruddie as she lookes) blushes at her night-cap of cloudes in which the Sun spies her; *faire as the Moone*, and is not the Moone clogged with an inmate cloud? Doth she not looke pale, wan, faint, and change often? *Cleare as the Sun*; can more be said of a creature? Yet the Sun hath Eclipses: and lastly, *Terrible as an Army with Banners.* An Army with Banners may have the black colours; and no Regiment of Saints Militant can weare a milke white feather, but must have a tip of staine: Sure therefore the Whore of Rome paints too much. The most glorious feathers are borne upon black feete: Shall I repeat you some of their pride and blasphemy? I am almost afraid to say it after them. They doe arrest the Almighty of an action of debt for wages, even as much as Heaven comes to. *It is most cleare* (say the Rhemish Divines in their notes upon "Heb. 6. 10.) "That our good workes be meritorious, and "the very cause of salvation. So farre that God should be "unjust if he rendred not Heaven for the same. Nay, the

The relation of his triall, and death.

"just

" juſt mans workes doe merit eternall life, not only becauſe " of Gods Covenant of grace mercifully to accept them, " but becauſe of the workes themſelves ; and our good " workes are equall and proportionable to eternall life, ſaith boaſting *Bellarmine*. Yea *Vaſquez* the Jeſuit with them in the Goſpel ſmites Chriſt himſelfe , for which God ſhall " ſmite him a whited wall. " Our good workes (ſaith he) " doe more for us, then Chriſt is able to doe, for they make " us formally righteous , and worthy of life, but Chriſt on- " ly by imputation . But what neede I go to Tiber for ſuch Swannes , when our owne Thames will afford as ſome of their brood, though hatcht by a fowle of another name, the Anabaptiſt ? Scarce a Sunday (if you lived where I doe) but I can have you to a prayer, where the good man (for ſo his Diſciples call him, though Chriſt ſaid otherwiſe) ſtands up with the Phariſee , *Lord I thanke thee I am not like other men* (he ſaieth truer then he is aware) drunkards, ſwearers, &c. Cries loud for daily bread , but not a word of *forgive us our treſpaſſes, as wee forgive &c.* No ſorrow, no confeſſi- on, no ſmiting on the thigh, or the breſt, no crying *I am black:* And then for preaching, Oh my ſoule ! How are people " pillowed ! " God ſees no ſinne in you, lookes for no ſor- " row from you. The Law ? away with it, what is the old " Teſtament, that it ſhould command us ? To your Tents " O Iſrael , wee have no portion in *Moſes &c.* Yee diſho- " nour free grace, God lookes for no confeſſion &c. No friend (thinke I ?) He did from *Job, David, Mary Magdalen, Peter, Paul* ? Till now, the Saints in all ages when they have ſpoke of their white , Oh what extenuations, what am I, ſaith one ? I am a worme ſaith a ſecond; a dead dog ſaith a third ; leſſe then the leaſt of all thy mercies a fourth ; but when they ſpeake of their *black*, Oh then ! all aggravations are brought in , they weigh ſinne with the graines of all circumſtances, ſo fooliſh was I, and a very beaſt before thee ſaith one, and he a King ; when thy ſervant *Steven* was ſtoned , I held the clothes of them, who did it, ſaith another. Indeed *St. Pauls Motto* by his owne

Non dolere, qui peccaveris, magis indignari atq; iraſci facis Deum, quàm illud peccatum, quod antè perpetraveram. Chryſoſt. in Math.

conſent

consent to all ages, should have beene, *Apostolorum minimus, Peccatorum maximus*; see how he hides his *Lawne*, and showes his *Cipres*: Surely our Saints are *Antipodes* to those Primitive Professors, by their contrary walking; had they the spirit indeed, they would fight against the flesh, and cry for ayd to Heaven, and when they were worsted, and led captive, mourne; and that leades mee to a second reading.

Sorrow.

2. *Nigra sum.*] I go mourning and in heavinesse, sad I "am and sorrowfull because of my sinnes, and those reliques "of nature which remaine in me, if I were once through- "ly sanctified; If I could quite cast off this speckled skin "of the old *Adam*, I would no more mourne, but put on "my wedding garment of joy for the spirit of heavinesse; "but Ah wretch that I am, I finde a Law in my members "rebelling against the Law of my minde, and the evill I "would not doe, that doe I, and therefore wonder not if "my face (which is *Index animi*) weare the livery of my "captivity, and I (with *Joseph* under age) go in a party- "coloured coat of white and black, joy checkred with "griefe, hope woven with feare: My beloved (and he "only) is white and red, altogether lovely: But I, at least "am but white and black: White I am, and so he made "me, but black still, for so I smutch my selfe daily. And "it is with me and my sinnes (poore soule) as with the "feathers upon birds, cut them, they grow, burne them, they "grow, pull them out, still they grow againe; but when "the bird dies, then, and not till then, will they cease to "grow; till therefore this corruptible, shall have put on "incorruption, I must goe mourning, and not put off my "black; and in this sence she speakes the truth also. Sion was never without mourners, nor the Church of God *beyond* repentance. *Lachryma* is a lesson never out of tune. Christ dyed to take off my *sufferings*, but to encrease my *sorrowes*; so it is written, *They shall looke upon him they have pierced &c.* and indeede it is hard, if I cannot afford *water* for *blood*. Sinne (even since damnation, for it was taken off)

Lachrymas Petri lego, satisfactionem non lego; sed quod defendi non potest, ablui potest. Ambro. Sup. Luc. l. 9.

off) is in the eyes of the godly, as *fitly* as ever, as *illegall* as ever, as *unnaturall* (and more) as ever, and as *sinfull* as ever; and shall I looke upon it with dry eyes? *ut videam.* Yet (mistake me not) we weep not, to wash out Ethiop-spots with our owne teares (our water will beare no such sope) No, we weepe at his feet, the blood of whose head and heart could onely make us cleane: We repent (not to be forgiven) but because forgiven, and yet running on the score afresh. Thus *Mary* wept much, because shee loved much, and shee loved much, because much was forgiven her. Oh, love of God, and sence of our owne unworthinesse will make even a *Rheoboth* in a religious heart. The wicked make (a mocke at sinne, and cry Ha, ha; but the holy man findes it a burthen so heavy, that it presseth out liquor, and makes him roare as *David* did for disquietnesse. The plaister of sorrow will not fall off (oh let us not pull it off) till the infection of sinne be quite drawne away, which must not bee here while wee are in *Bochem*. Blessed are they that thus mourne, for they shall be comforted, and so I have done with the second sense. Gen. 26. Mat. 5.

3. *Nigra sum*] I am blacke with lying among the Bricks and the pots of Egypt; with crosses, poverty, persecution, famines, and Warres; my Sonnes are slaine and my Virgins deflowred —— *Quis talia fando Mermydonum Dolopumve?* &c. And this I judge to bee the most Genuine reading, being the complaint of the distressed and dispersed, afflicted and abused Church, turn'd out, persecuted, and Sun-burnt, as shee saith here; for that phrase (in the sixt of Matthew) of the Sun scorching the seed, &c. is construed by Christ himselfe, to be persecution of the professors for the Words sake. In the proving the *in* of this plaine point, that Gods people are alwayes a persecuted people: I will not hold a candle to the Sun, nor so much as send out the Jury to finde it, there are such a cloud of witnesses in the Scriptures and Ecclesiasticall histories. The red Dragon will lye in waite to destroy, so long as the woman is in travell or teeming. Take single Saints or col- *Sufferings.*

Deus unum habuit Filium sine peccato, nullum sine Flagello. Bern.

lective Churches among the Jewes, or the Gentiles, before Christ, or since, and if you finde they be alwayes well-favoured and ruddie like *David*, and have not their Agues (Quartans, if not Quotidians) and Feavor-spots, then read mee no further, or beleeve not what you have read already. Nay, whoever reads this (if hee be a true son of this black woman and no Bastard) either hath beene or must looke to bee smutcht with slanders, or dirted with disgraces, or blackt with sickneſſe, sooted with the smoak, it may be scortcht with the flames of persecution for conscience sake.

2a. pars primæ. Let us therefore passe by the *Quod sit*, and peruse the *Quomodo sit*, how shee comes so, and leaving her a while mourning, let us make out our Hue and Cry who hath done this wrong. And behold, she points to him, he is one out of our reach, and above our power to examine, *quia sol aspexit me.* And herein two things are remarkable.

Amos. 3. 5. 1. This Eagle-eyed Spouse (though in their place shee name the instruments of her sufferings) first humbly owns God in her afflictions: Is there evill in the City, and I have not done it, saith the Lord? Her mothers sonnes were the rods, but the hand was Gods: for so is meant by the Sun in the Text. *Divinitùs hæc infiicta sunt mihi, nihil hic fortuitum*, &c. She saith not with the Patriarchs of Joseph, *Some evill beast hath done this*; but with *Pharoahs* Wizards of the Lice, *Digitus Dei est hic.* A divine hand hath pleased thus to touch me. *Sol aspexit.* No creature so excellent to expresse God by in his operations and dealings in the World, as the glorious Sun, and that hath made it such an Idoll as it is in many places unto this day. Shall I name a very few? The Sun gives light to the Planets above him as well as below: and God is he that gives Being to Angels as well as inferiour creatures. The Sunne is the naturall fountaine of life, light, and heat; God the supernaturall, in whom we live, move, and have our being. The Sun is the searcher of things hid in darkneſſe; and God is καρδιογνώστης in the firmament of his omniscience; the day and the night

Brightman in locum.

are

are all alike unto him; ſooner mayſt thou with thy ſhort arme, and weake hand, pull that eye of heaven out of his orbe, then remove Gods from thy reynes. The Sun ſhines on gardens, and they ſmell ſweet, on dunghills with the ſame beames, and they returne a ſtinke: and God is good to all, the holy receive mercy, and give forth the ſavour of praiſe; but the wicked turne grace into wantonneſſe: what ſhould I multiply alluſions further? the Sunne ariſes upon Sodom, and it burnes; darts on *Jonas* and he faints; ſcorches the harveſt and it dyes; parches the earth and it gapes for freſh ayre, dryes up the Rivers and they fayle; and God our God, who is the ſunne of that ſunne, and can onely command him, doth all theſe things and the Sun is but his ſhadow.

The word *Aſpexit* ſpeakes this to be eaſie to God. 'Tis no more but *looking*, and the ſtouteſt Cedars tremble: Seeing, ſpeaking, touching, are actions which imply eaſe: Touch the mountaines and they ſmoake; *Moſes* was faine to ſmite the Rock, but it was Gods looking on that diſſolved it. The voice of the Lord divides the flames of fire, &c. *Dixit & factum eſt*, he did ſpeake, and it was done. Men in even ſmall matters toyle all night (as *Peter* ſaith) and take nothing; they ſweat and dig, and moile, and yet are but in the beginning: Maſter ſay they in the Goſpell to Almighty Chriſt, we came to thy Diſciples to caſt him out, and they could not; ſtand by yee Fumblers ſaith hee, and doth it, *illu oculi*: Oh, it is no more to God to ſcortch men, Angels, Churches, Kingdomes, and to melt them, then to looke. *Mare vidit id & fugit*, what *id*, but Gods preſence and power? who can dry up the deep, and put a hooke into the noſe of the unruly Ocean, and ſay, Thus far, and no further: 'Twas not then any Culinary ſmoake, any diſtempered ayre, any blaſts of lightnings, any malignant influence, or malevolent aſpect of inferiour planets, that the Church looks on, as able to have blackt her, if the Sun had not done it. Men talke of lucke, and fortune, and chance, either fearing or worſhipping and adoring pre-

Luke 5.

vailing parties; as if *Shimei* could curse his King, or touch the Lords Annoynted without Gods leave: The Lord (saith *David*) hath bid (*i. e.*) suffered *Shimei* to curse me. We say in the Orthodox points of God, *Providentia divina contingit ad minutissima*, and the Creatures are but dead
Jer. 2. 13. instruments in his hand, broken Cisterns, as *Jeremie* calls them, and there is not much comfort in those words: Cisterne, and broken too? *ò quantum est in rebus inane!*

It is written of the Eagle that when shee hath hatcht her young ones, to try whether they be birds of her owne Egges, and not bastards, she carries them in her talans up into the Skie, holding their eyes to the Sunne in his heate and brightnesse; if they dare behold him, well; if not she lets them fall and perish, as not hers: Oh tis rare and religious to worke up our eyes (like our mother in the Text) heaven-ward in all our sufferings, and mounting with the Larke, to sing as we soare; *Deus dedit, & Deus abstulit, benedicatur nomen Domini.* And let loosers in England (though they have leave to speake) speake well of God, who for our sinnes hath humbled us, and (which is worse) his Annoynted, the breath of our nostrills. I will end this with that of *Austen*, *Deus aliquando obscurus est in judiciis, nunquam injustus.* God is the Sunne, who if hee should, not onely black us, but burne us to ashes, hath a Soveraignty over us; his wayes are past finding out. Yet secondly,

2. The word *Aspexit* hath an eye of mercy in it, as well as fury, brightnesse as well as blackenesse; blessed be God it is at the worst, but *Aspexit*, it is but an angry Looke: A looke is as easily and as soone taken off, or changed, as set on. For a moment he may bee angry, but (let sufferers read and rejoyce) in a moment hee can change his face, and make the bones which he hath bro-
Psal. 51. 8. ken to rejoyce; his wrath endures but the twinckling of an eye, and though heavinesse may endure for a night (and the longest coldest night is but a night) yet joy comes in the morning. Lift up your heads, ye captived, prisoned, plundred,

plundred, sequestred, banish't, Sonnes of this black Mother? *Haec non durabunt aetatem* (as Bishop *Jewell* said in the like case) 'tis too hott to hold, as the crackling of Thornes under the pott, so shall hee make them in time of his hott displeasure. The Lord who hath looked on his Church and shee was troubled, will ere long say of her under her cruell Taskmasters, I have seene the affliction of my people: Even so Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us, and we shall be whole. And so I come to the third thing in the first generall. *Ne spectaveris me, quia, &c.* Looke not upon mee; those are all her request in the letter, but I dare venture to speake her minde further, and in foure particulars to bee her Interpreter. In vitâ Jewelli. 3. *Part.*

1. *Looke not upon me*] that is, Be not amazed, or astonisht, as if some new thing and strange had happened to me; Yee daughters of Jerusalem, you are but young Christians, and not knowing the wayes of the Lord, may startle at this sad sight, to see me thus used, and God looking on, nay laying on himselfe, and so like those faint hearted people, who made a halt when they saw *Amasa* lye slaine before them, or like those cowardly Spies, who brought an ill report upon the land of Canaan; you may retreate from the good ease you have listed your selves in; but be not out of heart, for this is the Method of the Churches march: through many tribulations to enter, &c. Excellent Counsell this and worthy of acceptation. Good men are not so much sensible of what they suffer themselves, as fearefull and jealous over others with a godly jealousie, lest they should by their sufferings be dismaid. And sure feare of persecution (a base feare which God hates) made men at first sight for their Religion, and for feare of persecution turne persecutors of others. Of all the twelve Apostles, eleven were Martyrs, and sure *Peter* lost twice as much credit and comfort too, by denyall, and refusing to suffer for Christ, as he got by cutting off *Malchus* eare. After the rate Religion goes now, the Primitive Acts. 14. 22.

Ecclesia Orthodoxa homines persequi non solet. Socra. Eccl. hist. lib. 7.

Church could have raised an Army of Saints; but how should God then have had a Noble Army of Martyrs? It was not want of men among them, nor armes; they were not in Israels case of whom 'tis said, there was not a sword nor speare to be found, nor a smith in all the Land: No,
Heb. 11. no, *Jam sumus Christiani*, was their cry at the stake; they chose to suffer, their flesh was a free will offering as well as a burnt offring, or else they had offered nothing, they scorned any defence but Gods and his lawfull Magistrates, and thought the word Legion to be a name for Devills, not Christians. The Application shall be only thus much: Let no man that suffers, judge his cause bad by the successe, nor thinke the Gospel a Rose lesse sweete, because it growes
Cant. 2. 2. on prickles, as a Lilly among Thornes, so is my Beloved saith Christ. Looke not you pale, yee Sonnes of an afflicted Church, because your Mother lookes black, but looke at
Heb. 12 2. Jesus the Author and Finisher of your faith, who endured the Crosse, and despised the shame, &c.

2. *Looke not*] with scorne and disdaine upon me, because I am thus. Despise me not now I am low; and this was *Davids* complaint, *they stand staring and looking upon me; and mine acquaintance stood a farre off*; and *Jobs* with an-
Job 30. guish and bitternesse of soule in his 30 chapter: I was (saith he in the nine and twentith) once when Gods candle shined upon my head &c. a rich man, for I wash't my steps in butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oyle, v. 6. an honourable man. The young men saw me, and hid themselves, and the aged stood up, v. 8. 9. Nay more a good man, a brave Patriot (O that Nobles and Parliament men would read and doe) I delivered the poore that cryed, and made the Widdows heart sing for joy, v. 13. 14. &c. yet in the 30. 1. But now, *They who are yonger then I, whose Fathers I would have disdained to have set with my sheepheards dogges have me in derision.* And this is a sore affliction under the Sun, which even great ones groane under, when they are downe. *Saul* (though a King begged by the people, and given them by God, because poore, there were many who despised him,

and

and brought him no Presents, and wee our selves see a better then *Saul* (since the Sun hath looked upon him) made a byword, and the Sonnes of Belial have not only crowned him with thornes, but would put a Reed into his Royall hand insteed of his golden Scepter. Thus when Cedars fall, doe the baser brambles put up their heads, and aspire government, and say, let us take the houses of God in possession. Oh the wretched extreames of deceitfull man! when thou art on a Mountaine (with Christ) they will spread their garments under thy feete, but when at the bar, then *crucifige, tolle*, away with him, this fellow is not fit to live. Well therefore might *David* pray, save me from reproach and contempt, Psal. 119. and *Mary* sing her *magnificat* to God, for none but he will regard the low estate of his Servants: The Sonnes of men will with Gods Vinegar mixe their owne gall, and give thee, when thou crie'st *sitio*: this is the second branch of the Churches request; but the worst is not yet. 1 Sam. 10. 27.

3. *Looke not.*] with delight; let not my paine prove your pleasure; rejoyce not O mine enemy, when I fall, I shall rise againe. There is a generation who are so farre from *David's* spirit, who mourned & sympathized when his enemies were sick and in distresse, as if they had beene his Mothers Sonnes, and from *Jeremies* watry head, which ran streames for the miseries of his Countrey, that they laugh, and cry so, so wee would have it, and with *David's* hard hearted mockers rejoyce to see the Church mourne, and when her Sonnes haue falne by an unnaturall sword, have cryed out with *Hannibal* (when he saw a ditch full of mans bloud) *O dignum spectaculum!* This is a sinne as unnaturall, as unmanly a sinne as can be; for a man to clap the wing and crow (like *Peters* Cock) at a poore *Peters* fall, and as Vermine live upon sore places. Nil habet Infœlix Paupertas durius in se. Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

It is a sinne which Sathan hath kept as his last and sharpest arrow, as having more poyson in it then death. If ever he emptied his deadly Quiver, it was when our blessed Lord hung as a marke for every shooter: Firſt he spends Σίφος πτῆμα· καὶ σῶμα, ἢ ἓν νεῶ λόγος. Menander.

spends lies, slanders, false witnesse at him; then the whip, the purple, the spittle, the vineger and gall; then the nailes, the speare, the thornes, and last of all he brings out his *forked tongues* while his Mother, and *Mary Magdalen*, and *John*, and a few more stand below weeping; some cryed out, so ho, you King of the Jewes, come down now if you can, you sir that saved others, now save thy selfe: *Eloi, Eloi*, cries the Lord of Glory (such words as the Angels trembled at) they scoffe and quibble at the word; he calls *Elias*, say they. And of these arrowes (even bitter words) the world is full; but let them laugh on, he that sits in Heaven will laugh them to scorne, the Lord shall have them in derision: Let such *Ismaels* know, that *David* could not forgive this, see how his soule rises, Psalm. 69. from the 20 to the 28. The Church in Babylon could not forgive this, Psalm. 137. and if the oppressed, and scorned in England be still derided, and made a by-word: Take heede yee that stand lest you fall, be not high minded, but feare; there are grieved spirits in the Land, (and store of them too) who though they have no armes, horses, men, money; yet can bring revenge by cries, the Lord will heare the oppressed, and avenge him: this is the third, the last and worst followes.

Prov. 1. 26.

4. *Looke not.*] Yee, yee of all others, my friends of my Sexe, of my Kindred, of my Religion, who ever doe, doe not you despise or rejoyce to see me. Above 20. wounds *Cæsar* had in the Parliament at Rome given him, but none fetcht teares from him to mingle with his bloud, but his Sonne *Brutus* his ponyard. Καὶ σὺ τέκνον; What my Son? What my Brother? Me thinkes I heare *Abels* speaking bloud say so. And *David*, what my *Absolon* rebell? My *Michal* mock me? And *Job*, what my Kinsmen, my Cozen *Elephaz* against me? And (to name no more) *Jesus* to *Judas*! What my Friend, my Treasurer?

It was not mine open enemy; but it was thou mine Acquaintance, my familiar friend &c. Among the worst of Heathens and sinners are reckoned Ἄστοργοι, men without naturall

naturall affection, that shall in despite of nature and grace both (breaking the bands of one, and casting away the cords of the other) make way through bowells, veines, bloud, Religion, all, to laugh at a Brothers ruine: thus doe people at their Ministers, Servants at their Masters, nay Children at their Fathers sufferings in these our flinty dayes: Oh thou Dove of Heaven, which camst downe upon meeke, merciful, compassionate Jesus descend once more up on hard hearted Christians, melt them, mollifie them, thaw their affections, make them so condole, and feele, and lament for the afflictions of *Joseph*; Lord make our English people at length to doe, as the Tribes of Israel did concerning their brethren the Benjamites, whom they had almost utterly cut off by an unnaturall though lawfull warre; they spent a whole day (whom they saw such a rock made of precious bloud) in weeping religiously, Judges. 21. 3. And they repented themselves for *Benjamin*, that the Lord had made such a breach among brethren, and there was not only an Act of Oblivion, but a restoring them to their Inheritance, whom formerly they had wasted: These things were done also when there was no King in Israel, verse the last. Judg. 21. 25.

And so I have done with the branches of the Churches request; Let me offer a few arguments in behalfe of Gods people, why others should not looke at them with any of those evill eyes which I have named, and briefely apply a few words, and that shall terminate the first Generall of the Text.

1. *Looke not upon me*; for I am but *Blackish*; the old Latin translates it browne, the Greeke, made black; by accident not willingly or naturally, as it is said the Creation is made subject unto bondage, Rom. 8. 21), not borne so; the Hebrew readeth, somewhat black: And this is not a Grammaticall Criticisme; but it pleased the Holy Ghost to take a word (as one Ainsworth observes) differing from that in the 5 verse, on purpose to diminish the signification, as if she should say, you that looke on me, pray looke with a good eye you will finde I am not so black as others make

me,

me; and I am glad it is no worse with me: so saith the Church even under the Iron yoke: It is the Lords mercy wee are not consumed. The Lord in the midst of judgements remembers mercy: The Church is often (alwaies indeede) *sicklie*, *faintish*, *feavourish*, *blackish*, but still God deales in Diminutives, as dying, yet never dead, troubled on every side, yet not distressed, perplexed, yet not in despaire, persecuted, but not forsaken, cast downe, yet not destroyed. The Lord saith the Psalmist, suffered not his *whole displeasure* to arise, if he lay one hand on us, the other is under us; if his children must take Physick, he writes the ounces, drammes, graines, scrapples, puts in oyle to supple, as well as wine to search their woundes. He executes not the fierceneese of his wrath. But when his enemies come forth, the Lord mixes a red, black, bloody, hellish potion for them, the ungodly shall not only drinke, but drinke it off, and suck the dregges, Psalm. Heere is the Churches glory, and Gods grace; that though the world looke on their sinnes as beauties, God looks on them as moates: for their spots are not like the spots of others. And though the world looke on them as undone, lost, dead, gone quite black; yet they are indeede but browne, and if it were worse with them, yet never the worse for them, and that helps us to a second Argument.

Deut. 32. 5.

Love not him, for a worst I am *but black*, so the Virtue, comlinesse makes amends for my colour, it is the blade not the hilt, that commends the sword: the Contents, not the cover that preferres the Bible, the Kirnell, not the shell that sells the Almond: The King is not worse gold, because it weares a Dauphins head; and for this cause we faint not (saith the Apostle) because though the outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day, 2 Cor. 4. 16. A rich soule is better then a faire skinne, and the wise men thought not Christ the worse for lying in a manger, but rather wise and worshipped him.

Sepulchres may be painted, Ivory, Marble, Counterpoints may have more byte, and varnish, but the growing

Oke

Oake though his coate be rough, hath native sun: *Dives* is clad in purple. *Lazarus* in sores, which thinke you is the better man? Well may the true Church want the pompe, the state, the revenues, the Altars, the Crucifixes, &c. Our mother is comely, fruitfull, whole, sound; hath all the Essentials, and Integrals of a Spouse, Beares children, preaches the word aright, no adulterate or cripled Sacraments, her faith sound, her worship true: In these things she is comely, though shee of Rome lookes at us and laugh es at our blackneſſe, as not a Church, becauſe poorer, and chaſter then her ſelfe. The ſame may be ſaide of any Saint. My brother art thou poore in eſtate, ſickly in body, ſmutcht in thy name, croſt in thy children, meane in thy gifts, called to the barre, ſent to priſon, appointed to death? Oh! ſuch a black-bird may ſing in a Cage, when Peacocks ſhall ſhrike onely; thou art at the worſt, all this is but a blacke skin; He that is holy and upright, that hath the eyes of faith, the eares of obedience, the mouth of praiſe, the hands of charity, the feete of perſeverance, the ſtrait ſhoulders of patience, the back of humility, &c. is no cripple; defiled hee may, deformed hee cannot bee. Afflictions may make him ſtoope, but crooked they cannot make him; the deepeſt Dy he can be dipt in, is but a black viſage of death, and there is a *Neptus*, O death where is thy ſting?

Eccleſia non in parietibus conſiſtit, ſed in Dogmatum veritate. Jerom. in Pſ. 33.

3. *Looke not upon mee, &c.* For *I would be ſo.* It is good for me that I was afflicted. The Church like a ſhippe had rather be weather-beaten at Sea, then wind-bound at ſhore. Though like the Merchants veſſell ſhee come from farre, yet the dangerous voyage brings her in laden with profit and honour: profit, the blackeſt ſoyle is the richeſt, the blackeſt fruit the ſweeteſt, the afflicted man gaines knowledge, knowledge experience, experience hope, hope patience, patience pitty, pitty charity, and a neck-lace of Diamonds more, which as they are found in the tawny Indies of troubles, ſo they ſhine moſt in the darke of diſtreſſe. And as it is profitable, ſo oftentimes honourable;

1. *Profit.* Hoc habet proprium Eccleſia, dum perſequitur, floret; dum opprimitur, creſcit, dum contemnitur, proficit &c. Hil. de Trin.

2. *Honour.*

the Militant Church are Christs life-guard, and therefore the Apostle saith it is a glorious thing to be made conformable to the sufferings of Christ; *Nobis datum est*, any way you it is given not onely to suffer but dye, and a guift of honour too, to have a wound in Gods cause; to drinke of Christs owne cup, to weare his livery, to be of his forlorne hope. It is sayed, Heb. 11. of such that the World was not worthy of them; yet they went up and downe in sheep-skins and goats skins, &c. This, this made the Martyrs of old endure the spoyling of their goods with joy, this made them embrace the faggot, as their first borne, and kisse the flame with shouting, *Nec hoc fecit stupor sed Amor, non decrat dolor, sed contemnebatur*, saith Saint *Bernard*. This made Martyr *Hunters* mother kneele at her sonnes burning, and blesse God that he had honoured her to give her a Sonne, and take him againe for a sacrifice: Yea, as *Lactantius* reports, this made even women and children to dare and defie their persecutors, as being Volunteers under the standard of the crosse.

Acts and Monuments.

4. *Looke not upon mee*, &c.] For *I must bee so*: There is no going neare, or by, but through many tribulations, &c. The cup of afflictions is in Gods hand, there is no avoiding it, Christ the head began to his followers, and it must go about, 2. Tim. 3. 12. By the mothers side I must be *Ben-oni* before the Father make me *Benjamin*. Would you know why? The palme-tree must have weights laid on, to make it fruitfull; the Camomile must be troden, to make it thick; the Torch must be knockt to make it blaze; Frankincense must burne to make it smell, spices broken to give their sent; the earth broken to give her fruit; the Vine cut to make it beare; Linnen washt and beaten to make it cleane; the Sea tossed and troubled, else it would stinke; *Noahs* Arke must be lifted nearer Heaven by waters; your children must goe to the schoole, else no learning; and the Church of God now under age, must have the rod of afflictions for her good.

5. Lastly, *Looke not upon mee*; *For your selves may bee*

so; and that probably, whether you be friends or enimies:
1. If Foes, Judgement begins at the house of God, but it ends not there, but as the streames of the River, it takes in more as it glides, till it drowne Babylon, which did but wash Sion. If the greene may be lopt, the dry one may feare to be cut downe: If the righteous scarcely be saved where shall the ungodly and sinners appear? shall the children weepe and the slave not bleed? yea rather, shall not the Judge of all doe righteously? The wicked (saith *David*, *Psal.* 37. 13.) laugh at the righteous, but the Lord shall laugh at him, for he seeth that his day is coming; it seemes he hath his day, a whole one, a long one, a black and gloomy day. In one Chapter and in one verse I finde, The Begger dyed, the rich man also dyed and was buryed, *Luke* 16. 22. Say therefore unto the enemy walk not so proudly,

Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,
Hunc dies vidit rediens jacentem.

2. And say also to prospering Friends, walke not securely. *Hodie mihi, cras tibi*, point not with the reproachfull finger, nor looke with a scornefull eye: Affliction is the portion of Gods Children; let every childe looke for his share, every one shall have his messe, though paradventure, *Benjamin* may have twice. As the Apostle saide to *Saphira* (*Acts* 5. 9.) behold the feet of them which buryed thy Husband are at the doore, and shall carry out thee; So say I to all thriving, rich, pleasant, proud Christians, who as the Prophet complaines, Kill Oxen, and Sheepe, and Wine is in their feasts, but they forget the affliction of *Joseph*; behold, the feet of Judgement at the doore to seize on you also: methinkes I heare the Spouse in my Text, giving counsell to those standers by; My friends, have pity upon me, have pity, for the Lord hath looked upon me and I am sore afflicted; and if no other argument will move you, let this; I see now your Rosie cheeks, your Rubie lips, your sparkling eyes, your polisht browes, your azure temples, your Ivory neck, your delicate breasts, your whole skin beautifull. Thus, thus was I

Ἀφ' ὑμῶν καὶ ἀγγελᾶς. Adagium Græc.

not long since, when the Sun smiled upon me, but beauty is fading, and long those Roses may be blasted, which now but budded; those lips may peg blow and cold which now are warme and ruddy, those eyes may have drops of water which have sparkled fire in them, your forehead may be furrowed, your temples wasted, your neck humbled, your breasts have a wolfe in them, and your whole skin the black Jaundis, as well as mine; and therefore looke not on me strangely, and at a distance, scornefully and with disdaine, voluptuously, and with delight; for the same measure which you mete to others, shall be measured to you againe. And this aptly invites mee to a word of application in behalfe of all the distressed, and oppressed Children of this our now blacke Mother, the Church of *England*.

Timendum est, ne nobis cadentibus surgat, qui nobis stantibus irridetur: quamvis stare jam non novit, qui non stantem novit irridere. Greg. lib. 15. Mor.

1 Kin. 11.

1 King 12.

I. *Application.*

Our Country man *Brightman* (one much admired by this age, for his rare gifts of Exposition on the Revelations, for which he is styled according to his name, as *Nazianzen* was by *Theodoret*, Ὁ λαμπρὸς ἀνὴρ) in his Comment on this Booke, travels alone in a new way, differing from all others, and will have it to be a darke History of the state of the Church from *David* time, all along till *Ochosias* end, and then a Prophesie of it till Christs time, and againe from thence to the Worlds end: and this verse and the fift he makes use of, to signifie the state of the Jewes under *Rehoboams* time, when ten Tribes had revolted from their King, and two onely remained under his Scepter: Thou (saith he) (called here my Mothers sonnes) who deposed their Soveraigne for his evill Councellours sake, did not onely make havocke of Gods Church and true worship by Idolatry, and a toleration, but they turned fiat enemies to *Judah* and *Benjamin* for their Loyalty, and there was most bitter Wars among Brethren many yeares; The peaceful, and glorious Kingdome under *Solomon*, being now made the seate of civill Warre, and the stage of fraternall fury, and in stead of Reverend Priests and Levites, *Jeroboam* their new Governour made any body a

Priest that would, &c. Thus he expounds my Text, as if those two poore Loyall Tribes being now under their true King, though he but a petty one having lost ten Tribes of twelve and lying under the spoyle and rage of their angry brethren, and being now meane and miserable both in Church and State, should cry out, O looke not upon me, upon me poore *Judah*, because the Lord hath rent the Tribes off from me, and made me blacke with the afflictions, which my brethren of Israel have afflicted mee with, but rather mourne with me and for me, &c.

But methinks if that learned man could make the words serve the Church of the Jewes under *Rehoboams* raigne, even I that have no learning may lately make them hold too the now under King *Charles* his raigne, as the lively character of England's late both in *Church* and *State*. In our State, which formerly was esteemed as compleate, proper, rich, beautifull a Queene; as the Sunne shined upon, for *Symmetrie and proportion* of exact Symmetry, nor head too great for the body, as under Tyrants, no body for the head, as under Anarchists: no monstrous excrescency of Nobles, nor deficiency of Commons, but admirable well mixt Monarchy: *for wealth and plenty*, beyond parallell, thee might sit and sly with her to *Esay* 47. I am, and there's none besides mee, a rich in men, money, Merchandize, corne, cattell, fields, houses, our Cities being as wealthy as the golden one; City, Court, Country, yea cottage, had his owne Vine or Figg-tree: *For Lands honoured*, for *Liberties owned*. But now, alas! alas! *Quia Jehovah respexit nos*: *Looke upon Mount Sion*, and behold the face of Majesty and true Royalty demeaned, but King the Lords Anoynted, the breath of our nostrills, is led Captive, his sacred person driven from the Firmament of his Throne, the Sunne is eclypsed, and the Starres onely give a dimme light, nor can it be day in England, till our *Phœbus*, (who is the Tosicanne of light) sit againe in the midst of the inferiour heavens, and by his beames of Soveraignty, quicken and revive this benighted and benummed

I. *In the State.*

Lam. 4. 20.

med Iſland, *Cæſare vento, phœbique recedit diem.* Behold blackneſſe and thick clouds have carryed him away, and the faire *Albion* is not, cannot bee *Albion* without him. The Queene the ſecond great Luminary, is turned into darkneſſe; the Illuſtrious Prince our morning ſtar ſhines in another Hemiſphere; the royall Children (our bright *Charles*-Waine) obſcured, and is not this blackneſſe? The Kings Speare (the Militia) the Kings cruſe of water (the Revenue) are not onely taken away, 2. Sam. 16. But the skirts of his Royall Robes are cut off, and hee left as a Prince in *quorpo*, without his native *Le Roy laviſera*, and which is worſe, no mans heart is ſmote for this, as *Davids* was, 2. *Sam.* 24. But thoſe whom the Law brands with Treaſon for clipping him leſſe, put in a piece of ſilver, the Age allowes to loppe him in his branches, and ſtrike at in the roote. O more then Indian blackneſſe! the Heathen are more obedient. Tell it not in *Gath*, publiſh it not in the ſtreets of *Aſhalon*, leſt the World forſweare Chriſtianity for our ſakes.

And ſhall the Diſciples fare better then their Lord, can the Fountaine be diſturbed and the ſtreames cleere? *Looke upon the face of Nobility*, and you will ſee what *Salomon* ſaw among his vanities and vexations, Servants upon Horſes, and Princes going on foote, *Eccleſ.* 10. 7. Nobles in diſdaine, and Judges deſpiſed, and they who were clad in Scarlet, doe now imbrace dunghills; and is not this a groſſe blackneſſe? A ſore affliction, to ſee the eyes of Juſtice with *Samſon* put out, the lockes, the curled lockes cut off, and the Worthies of the Land, not onely grinde in the Mill of the multitude, but ſometimes fetcht out to make ſport. Looke upon the face of Merchandize, and behold yet more and more blackneſſe, pale Famine will doe as much in the Reer, as blacke Warre hath done in the Van; how doth the City ſit ſolitary, how is ſhee become as a widow? ſhe that was great among the Nations and Princeſſe of the provinces, how is ſhee become tributary? Her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they are become her

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her enemies, the Thames languiſhes, the Sea mourneth, becauſe of the Merchant, the Exchange is as little Royall as her King, and the ſplendor of Shops is vaniſht. Diſcontent dwells within the houſe, and diſtreſſe ſits at every threſhold; while oppreſſion Couches it in the ſtreets; and is not faire *London* become black? O very black, ſcorne and reproach and ſhame hath ſeized upon her ſuddenly. And laſtly, Looke upon her Handmaid, the Countrey, and behold ſhe ſits as poore *Hagar* (*Gen.* 21. 15, 16.) in the wilderneſſe of miſery. Her bottle of plenty is ſpent, and ſhe ſits weeping for her children ready to dye, and can get no more for them: the Gentry decay and pine away, all hoſpitality is gone; the bleſſing of the poore is gone, the Husbandman ſweats firſt a hot fit in plowing and ſowing, and then a cold ſweat of feare, leſt the horſe and his Rider ſhould come and devoure his and his childrens bread; *barburus has ſegetes?* Alas! whither ſhall the inhabitants of the Land flye? abroad the robbers ſpoyle, at home taxes doe eate like a Canker, what the Caterpillar leaves, the Locuſts devoure, and is not this blackneſſe? Surely the Land languiſhes.

2. And if our earthy part were onely deſolate, wee might ſay, Earth to earth, that which is mortall muſt dye; but our Heaven is darkned at noone day, our Temple (the glory of Jeruſalem) is laide waſte: Gods houſe is made a den of theeves as well as our owne: As the Father threw away his Booke of humane learning, *Quia nomen Jeſu non erat ibi*, ſo for the loſſe of temporalls, tuſh? But *Regnum Calorum vim patitur*, in a different ſenſe from Chriſts ſpeech: Chriſts kingdome ſuffers violence, not to get into it as of old, but to get out of it. It is ſaid when Chriſt was borne, that *Auguſtus* by a decree layd a Tax on all men; 'tis no bad newes to pay ſilver and finde a Saviour, but to loſe goods and Goſpell both, O intollerable! This is ſmutting, yea ſmiting God himſelfe, and ſure the rending the Temple and crucifying Chriſt were both in one day? But ſome may ſay, *Quo ſum dicis?* how prove you this? O *Auſten.*

friend, I answer thee in the words of *Cleophas* (*Luke* 24. 18.) Art thou onely a stranger in Israel, and hast not knowns the things which are come to passe? Thousands of the Churches eldest sonnes (the Clergie) are utterly undone, and the rest defrauded and debated by the baseſt of the people, even to astonishment; blackneſſe hath seized on their persons, calling, patrimony, and above all, Gods Ordinances, and true worship.

1. For their Persons, that of the Apostles is now in its fulneſſe, 1. *Cor.* 4. 9. *We are a spectacle and a gazing stocke unto Angels and men.*

2. For their Calling (high and heavenly as the Embaſſadors of Christ) O my God heare and helpe,) Away with these Black-coats, these troublers of Israel, &c. This is the outcry of the multitude and their Leaders. Their charge is a Vineyard to be kept, as my Text saith, even the Lords owne Vineyard, an imployment of skill, of induſtry; for which Saint *Paul* cryes, Τὶς πρὸς ταῦτα ἱκανός, Who is sufficient? But now from the ship, from the shop, from the stall, from the Awle, men, boyes, women, step up and Talke in the Congregation, as if Gods house (like the Capitoll) must be preserved by Geese; and in the interim learned and laborious men stand idle in the Market place againſt their wils God knowes, and goe not into the Vineyard: *Quia nemo conduxit, &c.* because none call them.

3. For their Patrimony (Popiſh onely because rich) Oh, it is too too convenient a Vineyard as *Naboths* was; it is the Benefice hath put many out of their office: the plumpe and ripe Grapes which have made so many Foxes preach in other mens Vineyards: Ask at poor Vicaridges for a Sequeſtration, and finde one if you can; No, no, *periſſent, nisi periſſent*, many men keepe their Livings, because their Livings cannot keepe them; and if the aimes of many men can hit, they may invert the saying of our Lord, and in stead of The zeale of thy house hath eaten us up, Say Our zeale hath eaten up thy house; Speake Saint *Paul*, Is Sacriledge no sinne? Yes, worse then Idolatry.

Rom. 2.

Rom. 2. O Land more unjuſt then the raging Sea, who allowes her *Fluctus decumanus*, the Tenth wave bigger then the other nine.

4. Laſt and worſt of all, even Gods Ordinances and worſhip is blackt, not only with the coals of negligence, ignorance, lukewarmenes, profanenes; but with the helliſh ſoot of Blaſphemies. The bleſſed Trinity, the holy Bible, the Law, the Goſpell, the Sacraments, the Decalogue, the Lords owne prayer, are ſmeared with the venomous Inke of Pamphlets, and the poyſons of Tongues in many Pulpits. Vide Mr. Edwards Gangrena.

Ariſe O Lord, ariſe in thy jealouſie, and let not thy Ark be carryed captive, nor thy golden Candleſticks bee removed from us.

One thing more, and no more; If yet you aske, *Quis hæc*, as well as *Quorſum?* Who hath made our faire Land ſo deformed? I muſt anſwer with the Spouſe here; The Sunne, and the Sonnes in the Text, have done all this: For the Sun, the Lord of hoſts is his name, he hath juſtly looked upon us, becauſe we looked not up to him; and I dare take the boldneſſe (*da veniam Cæſar imperator*) in the name of our King, Nobles, Judges, Gentry, City, Countrey, whom the Lord hath ſo ſorely afflicted, to ſtand up, and with humble *Nehemiah* (*Chap.* 9. 34.) confeſſe: O our God, thou art juſt in all that is brought upon us, &c Neither have our Kings, our Princes, our Prieſts, our Fathers, harkened unto thy Commandements, &c. Wee have ſinned, what ſhall wee doe unto thee, O thou preſerver of men? Yet even in midſt of judgement, thou remembreſt mercy. But for the Sonnes in the Text, Our Mothers ſons (Chriſtians, Proteſtants, Countreymen, Kinſemen, Brethren) have done it, *quia Excanduerunt, &c.* Becauſe they were angry with us. Englands Wars and Ruins, have been fathered upon Religion, Liberty, Priviledges, Reformation and I know not what, but as *Homer* begins, Ile end.

Μῆνιν ἀείδε θεὰ, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλῆος,
ἣ λομενλὼ, &c.

'Twas anger, wrath, pride, revenge, which kindled these fires, whose smoake hath not onely blackt, but flames scortsht our Mothers face: 'Twas ager, 'tis anger (chiefly) hath done all this. O water, water, bring teares, you that stand by and see children distracted, not onely blacking, but burning their Mother that bore them, bring teares of repentance, pity, charity, mercy, to wash off her staines and quench her flames; above all, Lord wash thou the Land in the blood of the Lambe, that so at length the rage of man may turne to thy praise; and thy Church now Militant may be made Tryumphant, and after all her blacknesse, by sins and sorrowes, appeare before thy Throne, as white as snow. Amen.

FINIS.